

The Lexington Intelligencer.

A. W. ALLEN, Editor and Publisher

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All communications to go into print in THE INTELLIGENCER, must be signed.

What the average politician knows about currency reform could be printed on a postage stamp in wood type.

Attorney General Barker hopes to become governor. He has chosen the railroads as the "stepping stone." Whether or not he gets away with it depends upon the continued gullibility of the voting population of Missouri.

The insurance question which for a time appealed to some of our embryo statesmen as a probable "stepping stone" for something better, proved a boomerang. They just couldn't handle it.

President Wilson may serve eight years if he continues the even tenor of his way.

Bryan has a new juice. Headline. Mr. Bryan no doubt thoroughly appreciates this since becoming so completely overshadowed by the President. The power behind the throne appears never to have had a chance.

T. R. has had a clash in Chile. Wouldn't a good spanking help that vocal blunderer a heap?

The Commission form of government in Kansas City with the Kansas City Star to shape public sentiment, will restore Baalism in its most degrading form. A commissioner failing to please the Baron, would soon have the recall at his heels.

Making the State Ridiculous.

We rise to inquire whether Attorney General Barker is representing anybody in his million-dollar suits against the railroads. We know of a large number of persons who have paid half a cent more per mile for their travel in recent years than the tariff sheet now demands; but we have not heard that many of these people have asked Mr. Barker to get a refund for them.

The newspapers are filled with sensational statements that "Attorney General Barker is suing for \$24,000,000," or some other blinding sum. If the Attorney General is suing the railroads it would be well for the public to know whom he represents. Certainly the State of Missouri is not concerned as a corporation, and it is quite as certain that the

Attorney General has no authority to enter suit for the individual.

If Tom, Dick or Harry wants to receive a rebate for money overpaid to some railroad when the question of rates was in dispute, he will probably hire a lawyer to bring suit for him. If the aforesaid Tom, Dick or Harry wants his money back, he won't ask the State of Missouri to collect it for him. Moreover, 99 men out of 100 who have brought railroad tickets in the last few years in Missouri have not taken receipts, and most of them have only a vague recollection of how much they spent for their tickets. Of course every sensible man knows that Mr. Barker cannot be representing the enormous number of individuals who doubtless have such rebate claims against the railroads.

If the railroads have enough money left to pay rebates of any kind they will pay them to the people who are entitled to the refund, and not to a public official who is suing for unnamed plaintiffs.—St. Louis Times.

Senator Reed made a speech in the Senate the other day urging hasty action on the currency bill. So far, good enough. Then the Senator, unfortunately, returned to his old tactics of lambasting the bill as it passed the House. Better "cut that out" Senator! You'll never be able to convince the Democrats of Missouri that a bill which commanded the earnest support of Champ Clark, all the Democrats in Congress from Missouri, practically every member of the Democratic side of the House, a large portion of the Progressives and several Republican members, was a bad bill and "devised in the interest of the bankers." You can't "put that over" Senator! So run along now and face the future. The people know that the bill approved by the Senate caucus and which will pass the Senate differs very little from the house bill; in fact, fundamentally, is the same.—Shelbina Torchlight.

Miss Alice Mann went to Perry, Oklahoma, Tuesday evening to spend the holidays.

Miss Margaret Manning went to Marshall Tuesday evening to spend the holidays.

Oswald Winkler went to Higginsville Tuesday to spend the day on business.

Miss Anna Lyons went to Higginsville yesterday to spend the holidays.

J. P. Cole left Tuesday evening for Quaker, Mo., to spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Golden of Wichita, Kans., arrived Tuesday evening to spend the holidays here with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McIntyre.

HER BOY'S RETURN

By GERTRUDE MARY SHERIDAN.

"Scat!" ordered Mrs. Jared Smith, and bang! a rolling pin went hurtling through the open doorway after a flying canine. It struck the animal, who uttered a cry of pain and disappeared, limping.

"Easy, mother; easy does it, you know," spoke an even, soothing voice, and Jared Smith came into view. "Just a minute more and I might have got it. Here's your rolling pin, ma. I'll look after the dog."

"You'll do no such thing, Jared Smith!" stormed his angry helpmeet. "The animal got his lesson and deserves it. I told you when you brought the half-starved creature here yesterday he'd make us trouble."

"And what has he been doing?" inquired Jared placidly.

"Better ask that when you get your supper," observed Mrs. Smith tartly, "seeing as the dog stole the small loaf I'd baked special for you, and put it out to cool."

"Well, maybe the poor creature needed it worse than I did," said Jared.

"One thing—don't you dare to bring that animal back here! Now, you mind me!" proclaimed Mrs. Smith.

Jared went out in search of the animal in disfavor. He had picked up the poor creature coming home the day previous.

Jared was tender-hearted, even with the brute creation. His kindly face wrinkled with sympathy as he came across the dog slinking behind the barn and holding up a broken paw.

"Why, you poor thing!" he pitted, crouching the frightened and trembling animal. "And don't you hold it against Samantha," he proceeded. "She's good as gold, but she's had her crosses, and she hasn't been used to pets since—h'm—there was a



The Animal Acted Strangely.

strange catch in Jared's throat—"since a long time ago," he concluded in a sad, dreamy way.

Jared went into the barn and got some horse liniment and some rags. He soon had the injured limb mended up. Then he filled a pan with water and led the animal to an empty cattle pen way back of the house.

"Now you stay here till the storm blows over," he advised his dumb charge. "Samantha will come around right when she knows she's hurt you, and I'll see you get some supper," and the dog wagged his tail and looked up wistfully into his eyes as though fully understanding all that was spoken.

"Where are you going with that tin plate of stuff?" demanded Mrs. Smith, suspiciously, as just after supper she detected her husband sneaking out of the kitchen with some heaped up scraps.

"It's for that dog, Samantha," explained Jared. "You hurt him a good deal, and I've put him in a comfortable straw bed outside of the lot, where he won't trouble you any before he gets in shape to travel on his way."

"You'll just encourage him to hang around," declared Mrs. Smith, peevishly.

"Samantha," said her husband softly, "don't forget that David liked dogs."

"David!" The old wrinkled face of the woman flamed, paled. Her lips quivered. She went about her work in silence, her head drooping, one by one the tears falling across her homely, toll-worn hands as she put things in order.

David—her boy!—a door opened in her soul long closed seemingly, and a host of longing, pitiful memories had rushed in.

Two years lonely, bitter and hopeless—two years without the boy who had run away from home to become a sailor. Only once they had heard from him. There had come a letter to the mourning mother from the errant but loving son.

"I wouldn't do it ever again," read the pathetic missive, "but I'm started, and I've got pride enough to go through with it. Mother, I'm going to the East Indies next. Then I'm coming home. And I'm going to bring back some of the rare silks and jewels they say you can pick up there for a song!"

Valuable dreamer! A year went by and no further word from the wandering boy and the ship he had sailed in reported lost in a terrible storm off the Malacca coast.

Mrs. Smith was strangely silent all that evening. After they had retired

for the night her husband noted how restless she was. "Once he fancied he heard her sobbing softly."

He was himself awakened shortly after midnight by the barking of the dog. The animal seemed to have come up to the house and was pawing at the door. Mrs. Smith made no complaint and Jared knew she was thinking of the lost son.

"You can fetch that dog into the kitchen if you want to, Jared," she said softly as her husband started out to feed the stock.

As Jared came out into the yard the dog limped up to him. The farmer petted the animal and motioned it to follow him into the house. However, the animal acted strangely. It did not seem to want to go with him, circled about him and then turning its face toward some thick underbrush whined in a plaintive and it seemed a beseeching way.

"The critter acts funny, I declare!" Jared was saying as his wife came out into the yard. "Why, what does the animal want, anyhow?"

The dog had caught a loose fold of his coat in its teeth and was persistently pulling at him.

"This means something, Samantha," said her husband quite seriously. "See, he wants us to follow him."

"It does look that way," agreed Mrs. Smith.

Out of curiosity both of them followed the limping animal. The dog penetrated the thick copse given over to dense undergrowth. Ten feet advanced among this Jared Smith halted with a shock.

"Why, Samantha!" he exclaimed. "It's a man!"

Mrs. Smith peered timidly over her husband's shoulder.

"Oh, Jared! Is it some one dead?" she shuddered.

"I think not, I hope not, Samantha," replied Jared, lifting a one-half eaten little loaf from beside the prostrate figure—"your bread!"

Just there the dog crept up to the stranger and nosed at his face buried in the grass. The recumbent man moved and then with a groan turned his weary fever-stricken eyes upon the intruder.

"Mother!" he uttered, and collapsed.

"Oh, Jared!" fairly shrieked Mrs. Smith. "It's my boy!"

Yes, thus the runaway had come home—in lieu of silks of the far away Indies, rags. Instead of the dazzling gleam of jewels, the hectic glitter of death in his eye!

Just in time they had found him. When they had carried him—oh, so tenderly! to the house, and the doctor arrived, it was to tell them that another hour in inattention might have ended in his death.

"I stole up to the house weak, almost fainting," David Smith told them when he was convalescent. "Then ragged and ashamed, I could not go in. But there was mother's bread. I took it, not the dog, not this grand splendid hero to whom I owe my life in discovering me later that night."

And the night of a grand family jubilee, attended, too, by the faithful sweetheart of old times, the faithful animal was awarded a post of honor. (Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

NOT A FRIEND OF RAGTIME

In Denouncing That Form of Music, Frank Damrosch Brings Forth Amusing Story.

Frank Damrosch, standing on the deck of the steamer en route for Europe, deplored the grip that ragtime has taken on the American public.

"Ragtime tunes are like pimples," said the director of the Institute of Musical Arts. "They are impurities in the musical system which must be cleared out. But a vaudeville artist, just home from France, told me with enthusiasm that we were becoming famous in Europe for our ragtime."

Mr. Damrosch smiled bitterly. "Famous for our ragtime!" he scoffed. "A poor claim for distinction. It reminds me of a story."

"During his travels in the west a well known English clergyman was accosted by a native of Deep Gulch, who said:

"Wall, sir, and what strikes you most about this place?"

"The clergyman instantly replied:

"Your blasphemy, sir. I don't think I have ever been in a place where blasphemy was more general or more horrible."

"A look of gratified vanity spread over the native's face.

"You're about right, stranger," he drawled. "For variety of blasphemy I don't think we can be beaten. This is a wonderful region."

Scotch Hotel Customs.

At Aberdeen, Scotland, in a temperance hotel, each visitor, on signing his name in the hotel book, is desired also to exhibit his signature to a card testifying that he is a teetotaler and will not bring any intoxicants into the hotel. In a Glasgow hotel it is the custom weekly, on Sundays, to go round the various rooms and take a subscription on behalf of one of the city charities. In another Glasgow hotel the proprietor, religiously inclined, holds divine service each Sunday at noon, to which all the boarders are invited. At several of the larger hotels in the north of Scotland the guests are beguiled from their slumbers each day by the playing of bagpipes, while in an hotel in Inverness a postman is employed for this same purpose.

Right in Style.

"Maulestik will have to quit drinking or get out of art."

"So I thought. But the Cubans came along just in time to save him."

HAPPY NEW YEAR



START A BANK ACCOUNT THIS YEAR SWEAR OFF EXTRAVAGANCE AND NEXT NEW YEARS DAY WILL FIND YOU MUCH HAPPIER.

Happy New Year to you. This means everybody. Our friends in particular and the whole community in general. Next New Year will be here as surely as this is. If you put money in the bank all this year NEXT New Year's day will find you happier and better satisfied. Each succeeding year should find each of us better prepared for OLD AGE, which we should enjoy in comfort.

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Real Estate Transfers.

Transfers, Recorder's office, Lexington, Mo., week ending Saturday, Dec. 20th, 1913, prepared by Lafayette County Abstract Co., Lexington, Mo.

Emil H. Mueller and Emma, his wife, to Benjamin F. Schultz W. D. \$1,500, lots 1 and 2, block 12, South side addition to Higginsville, Mo.

Michael Fitzgerald and Lonzetta M., his wife to Julia Ann Ferguson et al. \$5.00 love and affection SE 1/4 NE 1/4 SW 1/4 ex. 10 A. off W side N 1/2 SE 1/4 & 5 A. off N. side SE 1/4 all in 26-48-29, containing 155 A.

Michael Fitzgerald and Lonzetta, his wife to Julia Ann Ferguson et al. W. D. \$5.00, love and affection NW 1/4 SW 1/4, NE 1/4 5 A off SW 1/4 25-48-29, containing 85 acres.

Shedrick C. Cole, single, to Claud W. Hicklin W. D. \$4,500, S 1/2 of fractional 21-51-26, containing 100 acres.

Lexington Mercantile Co., Articles of agreement for incorporation, Capitol Stock \$40,000.00.

Wm. H. Lewis and wife to

Chas. A. Kearns W. D. \$850.00, lot 17, block 10, Ashbury's addition to Higginsville, Mo.

German Schoppenhorst, single, to Hieronymus D. Kite W. D. \$200, lot 36, Schoppenhorst's addition to Wellington.

James R. Sydnor and Mayme, his wife, to Investment Exchange Co., W. D. \$1,000, 40 feet off east side lot 4, and 20 feet off of west side lot 3, O. V. Thornton's Subdivision to Higginsville.

Edward R. Lowrey and Nettie, his wife, to Alfred L. Cooper, W. D. \$1,075.00, lot 4, block 7, Patterson and Smith's addition to Odessa.

Edward N. Hopkins and Margaret H., his wife, to Giuseppe Piegallawa W. D. \$225, lot 12, block 9, South side addition to Lexington.

John Bolderidge and Mattie Bolderidge, his wife, to Julius C. Winkler W. D. \$250, South third of lots 15 and 16, block 1, Pomeroy's addition to Lexington.

Don't fail to read the advertisements running in this paper.

SHOP EARLY

Advice is cheap, but FACTS ARE facts.

Early shoppers get the choice of the choicest things.

We recommend as choice and up-to-date the following articles. We have them in full supply, viz.

Ladies' Kid Gloves 1.00, 1.25 & \$1.50 a pair

Ladies Silk Hose 25.50, 75c, 1.00, 1.25 & \$1.50 a pair

Ladies Handkerchiefs 5.10, 15.20, 25.50, 75c & 1.50 each

Fancy Silk Ribbons 25.35, 40.50 & 75c a yard

Dress Silk Prices Reduced for Christmas

Dining Sets, Cloth and a Dozen Napkins 5.00, 7.00 & \$9.00 a set

Shopping Bags, Vanity Bags, Ivory Fancies,

Coquette Fans, Neckwear, Ties, Collars and Cuff

Sets and hundreds of other things. You Won't

Make A Mistake If You Come To Our House.

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